

Puretones, Adicted to base

I got two pale hands up against the window pane
i'm shaking with the heat of my need again
it starts in my feet, reverbs up to my brain
there's nothing i can do to revert the gain
i'm looking down to the street below
there's nothing in the way they move to show
that they too, know what i know
they too hunger for the beast below
listening to the radio i feel so out of place
there's a certain something missing that the treble can't erase
i know you can tell just by looking at my face
a word about my weakness
i'm totally addicted to bass
There's nothing I can do to be cool
i can't sleep 'til i've had my fuel
it frustrates me if i'm deprived
a hunger that grates from deep inside
i feel like i'm doing time
imprisoned by dependants on a rhythm sublime
in my mind i must overcome the need to define
the solitary silence of a faceless crime standing by the stereo
i'm feeling so alone
my back against the speaker and I'm moving on my own
surrounded by so many and they're staring at my face
a word about my weakness
i'm totally addicted to bass
Your bass line is shooting up my spine
your bass line has got me feeling fine
it's filling up my mind
Sunrise at my window, I look down on the street
people I see everywhere are tapping their feet
suddenly i realise in a look that i was wrong
everybody's grooving to their own song
down at the scene below there's something in the way they move to show
they too know what i know
they too hunger for the beast below
rhythms washing over me to wash away my fears
the backbeat of humanity sweetens my tears
there's something that's connected us down throughout the years
no need to feel so lonely
everyone's addicted to bass